

The Last Two Hearts by [orphan_account](#)

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Summary:

Mike had to move from Hawkins when he was young. When Bamboo was done with the world, he makes his way back to Hawkins.

1. Sailor of the Highway

Author's Note:

This is meant to be a lighter, fun, sexy story about Mike and Eleven. Eleven is much older than Mike.

This is a Bamboo story. Sorry for those readers who were expecting some Kung Fu in this story.

I only have enough story for about two or three chapters.

Eleven looked at herself naked in the full length mirror. Her breasts were large and hadn't sagged yet. She knew it was coming, but for now, any guy would go to bed with her. If there were any of them left. She doubted it.

She lifted her arms high above her head. Her girls only lifted slightly. A good sign.

I'm... I don't know... forty five years old now? Never been to bed with a guy. It's been what? ...ten years? Fifteen? Maybe more. No real reason to keep track anymore.

Shit. Ok. I'll do some work on the road... I'll come back with some wine... see what happens if I go to bed naked again.

Maybe I'll go into town. The most exciting thing in Hawkins still had something to offer me.

The library.

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Mike was thirteen when Bamboo hit. He was fifteen when he was sure most of the world was dead.

He had been born in Hawkins, Indiana and was uprooted when he was nine years old. His dad had been what the Canadian Military called 'posted', a consultant posting as far as Mike knew, to a place called Shilo, Manitoba. A Canadian Army Military base, the official name was C.F.B Shilo. Canadian Forces Base. Similar to what the U.S called 'Fort'.

It was referred to as Camp Shilo, a lot of the time. It was about one-hundred miles west of Winnipeg, which the Canadians called 'Winterpeg'.

Mike believed it. One of the funny memes that almost everyone in Shilo knew was, "In the winter what do you call minus thirty five degrees Celsius weather?

Tuesday.

But Mike loved it. He even had two girlfriends there. Elaine, and Kyly. Ok... that was when he was in grade seven. Still, even though the first relationship breakup hurt... and the second one... just sort of faded away... he was happy there.

Leaving all of his friends behind had been bad. At least those who hadn't been posted already. Would he forget them if he was away too long? Or worse yet, would they forget him? He remembered asking Kyly how she handled it, moving about every four years. She said, "You get used to it."

You get used to it? How can you get used to no longer seeing your best friend? Or the inevitable break up of a long distance relationship?

Mike liked to write, so it was natural that he'd write to all of his friends back in Hawkins... but those dried up too. Kyly said it happened all the time.

Is that what life was like being an Army Brat? It even had an "official name". How do you get used that.

"You aren't really an Army Brat, Mike. You're dad isn't in the Canadian Military."

"No, but I definitely don't want to move around like one. I'm used to having roots. I mean, if it wasn't for you... having you as a girlfriend. I'm not sure what I'd do."

"That's going to earn you a kiss, mister." That had been early on in their relationship.

The one thing about being on a military base... at least a Canadian military base is that for the most part, you were sheltered from... well everything. You could find out what the world was doing by watching it on TV and at that time Watergate filled the news... other than that... for someone his age, the only real concern was how bad is school going to be.

His dad had been 'posted' to another Canadian military base when Bamboo started to catch the attention of politicians.

After that, it was just a matter of time. It wasn't long before he knew that everyone on the base was dead... gone... that was Bamboo's gift.

Mike had no reason to stick around. Even though he loved the winters there. He knew it would be tough to live there on his own.

He also knew that if he wanted to find *anyone* else who had survived he had to travel. He could never carry enough food for travelling, so he taught himself to live off the land.

It was much easier than he thought. Nature had quickly taken over to repair everything man had done to her.

So Mike hit the road. Probably the last sailor of the highway.

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Eleven was finally satisfied. Finally. she had been going at it for almost an hour. It felt good, but she had too much wine and that never helped. Her fingers had started to cramp, and everything there was sore now.

I'm gonna do it. First guy that comes along. I don't care what he looks like. All he has to have is a tongue. I'll tell him how to use it.

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Most of the Canadian bases usually housed their residents in what were called PMQ's, Personal Married Quarters. They couldn't very well have a military member living in barracks if he had a wife and kids.

But they made the housing efficient. Row houses which were like townhouses, and duplexes... they tended to be older wartime housing.

The Wheelers lived in the last unit of a row house. The family next door had no kids, they looked a bit young for that, the guy was Military Police. Mike thought that his wife was a bit of a skank but he didn't see her all that much. The guy was into old weapons and actually gave Mike a gunstock war club. He told him it was from a book by James Fenimore Cooper. Mike thought it was the coolest weapon he'd ever seen. It was one of the things that he took with him

when he left the base. It never left his side. He even made a kind of sling sewn on to a Military rucksack so he could pull it out from over his shoulder. His neighbour had given him that too.

He had modified the rucksack with a lot of work on his part so that the war club would fit in it for easy removal, plus a few other things. Knives and whatever. His neighbour had helped him with that. Mike said he wanted to do the work, but his neighbour --Mike couldn't even remember his name now, it was so long ago-- had given him pointers. He also gave Mike a Damascas steel tracker knife. But his mom wouldn't let him wear it to school.

Moms were like that.

It bothered Mike a little that he couldn't remember the guy's name. When Bamboo was done with that whole area, Mike checked out the guys basement more thoroughly. There were guns there, but he couldn't find the ammunition no matter how hard he looked. He found some survival books, and he stuffed them into his rucksack. He had them mostly memorized anyway..

He was sure that if all he was left with was some wire, a knife and a good pair of underwear, he would have been able to make something for his feet, and some kind of pants and vest.

He also knew enough not to eat just rabbit. Diarrhea on the road is not as much fun as it sounds.

He knew how to fish though, so he tended to stay along water trails.

It would take him two or three weeks to walk to Hawkins, but he took a route that kept him close to water.

Sailor of the Highway indeed.

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Why am I crying? It's not my time of the month yet.

Eleven knew why, she didn't want to admit it yet. Because admitting it would highlight the fact where there was no solution.

She was lonely.

She had not seen a single soul in something like fifteen years. Keeping busy had helped a lot. It had taken her a long time to tear up the road and reseed it with plants. No one was going to find her... she was being overly cautious. That was the same reason she never ventured back to the lab. Just in case.

Learning how to cook well had also helped. She avoided cabin fever by being out most days. She didn't even sleep there every night. Some days it was at the library in a sleeping bag, somedays inside someone's house. Sometimes she slept in their backyard. She'd set up a tent, in a lot of backyards, to stay if there was a really bad rainfall.

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Something's wrong. El woke up when she sensed it.

She had been sleeping in a house on Maple Street. She went outside to see what was giving her the creepy feeling.

XXXXX

Geez, I can see them from here. She has nice tits. I'll bet she has a nice ass too. No way she doesn't.

Well, congratulations Mike. You are back in Hawkins, and already the mouthbreather syndrome has taken over.

For fuck's sake... Me... I'm human. A male human.

Yeah, but she's a female human. Last guy on earth or not... she could go tell you to go fuck yourself in half.

Mike sighed. Yeah... I know.

Fuck. He got closer. She's old.

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Shit... He's a kid.

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None of that mattered.

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Mike meant every word he said as he sighed.

“That feels good.”

“What? My tits pressed up against you?”

Mike didn't even hesitate. “No... your arms around my neck. I'm not that much of a mouthbreather, but yeah, they feel good too.”

While he hugged tightly, she said, “You're from Hawkins? Nobody uses that term outside of Hawkins.”

“Yeah, I know. Trying to explain it to people got old after a while where I came from... Um... can I ask you what you were doing in my house? I saw you walk out of the basement door.”

She stepped back to explain.

For the first time... he saw her eyes.

2. Maggie May

“You’re staring at me.”

“If I was going to stare at you, I would stare at your ass or your t... uh... chest. I’m actually looking into your eyes.”

“Why?”

“Because they are... pretty...” Mike looked down.

He looked back up when she hadn’t said anything for a while.

In a very small voice she said, “You are the first person to say I’m pretty.”

“Well, you still have great ti... uh, breasts... but... you’re eyes... they are something else.”

“I want to take you home.”

XXXXX

He wanted to look around his house, but decided, he’d rather go with her. The appeal of talking to someone won over any nostalgic satisfaction he’d get from looking around his old room or the basement.

So he followed her.

He looked at her nice heart shaped ass until she said, "Are you staring at my ass?"

"Guilty."

"Ok, what's your name?"

"Mike."

"Ok, Mike, let's switch, you walk in front of me, I'll tell you where to go."

Mike laughed, "What are you going to do? Stare at my ass?"

"You bet your ass I am."

"I'd feel better if I could walk beside you... uh what's your name?"

"Eleven."

"Did you say 'Eleven' ? That's your name?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I call you El for short?"

She looked at him, nodded slowly.

"I'd like that."

XXXXX

"Please tell me you are at least eighteen." El said.

"I'm twenty three or four. Maybe twenty five... my birthday is in January, so I just counted the winters. After a while. You just forget

too. What about you?”

El sighed. “I used the colour change of the leaves to mark years. I tell myself I’m between forty and forty five, I’m probably forty-five. And let’s clear the air right now. We are probably going to have a physical relationship first, and maybe *only* a physical relationship. I’ll be completely honest with you. I’m going to use you for sex. Sure we can talk, but it’s probably not going to be anything more than that. You ok with that.”

Mike grinned. “A chance to see you naked? Let me try it for a few hundred times, see how I feel.”

By the time they’d reached the cabin, they were holding hands. Both were embarrassed when they discovered it, and neither knew how long it had been going on for.

Mike said, “Did you really mean it when you said you were going to use me for sex?”

“Yes. I know we are never going to be married, and after Bamboo hit, I thought I’d die a spinster or a thornback, but now at least I’ll have been to bed with a guy and he...”

She stopped talking. Mike wasn’t smiling anymore, her voice less confident than a moment ago, “Are ok? Did I say something to upset you?”

“I was thirteen when Bamboo was done with civilization. I had two girlfriends, one was kissing only. No bed time for me. I know I sounded all Studdly Hungwell earlier, but... I... can’t just jump into bed...”

Ek nodded. “Mike... I understand.”

XXXXX

El smiled to herself, what Mike was really telling her was that he wanted an actual relationship, an *emotional* relationship... that, in fact he, was *not* a mouthbreather.

She decided not to take him to bed as soon as they got to the cabin.

XXXXXX

“So... other than me... what do you want to eat?

Oops, too soon. He's not used to a sexually aggressive woman. I better cool it. Take it back a notch.

When Mike could talk again, he said, “I used to love my mom’s homemade pizza. But you know. Given the world the way it is...”

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Mike picked up the pizza and took a bite. The tears ran down his face... it was very good... might have been better than his mom’s.

XXXXXX

El watched him try and blink away his tears. She felt her heart twinge. If somebody cries over the taste of the food you just made... well that's a compliment.

"That's real tomato sauce... where did you get it from?"

"I made it from tomatoes."

"Where do you get tomatoes?"

"They usually grow on a vine, Mike."

He smiled, "Ok then miss smarty pants, this is real mozzarella cheese, I know that doesn't last very long and it's made from milk, where did you get the milk?"

"I used my own breast milk." El said nonchalantly taking another bite.

Mike played the straight man. "Ok, I thought I might have tasted a little nipple, seriously El, I think this is the best pizza I've ever had. Where does the milk come from?"

"It comes from cows Mike." She held up a finger, stopping what he was about to say, "And before you ask. You have to milk the cow."

"Hawkins has a lot of farmland. So I won't ask anymore stupid questions. Ok, well... one more."

"And that is?"

"You are going to let me taste your nipples for real?"

"Don't tease me Mike. Not only am I going to let you do that, but I'm going to use my whole body to milk *you*."

"I've always wondered where all the farmer's daughter jokes came from. They came from horny farmer's daughters."

El laughed, “I’m actually a police chief’s daughter.

“Hopper?”

El looked down, she nodded, “he had to go to New York, he never came back.”

Mike didn’t say anything.

XXXXX

“I swear the route we took used to be a road.”

“It did. I dug it up. Let the ground go back to nature.”

“I... um... feel very safe here. I...” Mike stumbled on what he was going to say.

“So do I... you don’t want to leave here do you?”

Mike shook his head. “Not even if I’m forced to have sex with you.”

“You’re...” El was about to ask him he was kidding. She saw Mike trying to control his face but he suddenly burst out laughing. “Seriously El... it’s every guy’s dream for the older sexy woman to do him until he’s drained. But... it’s not impossible for us to have a... a...”

“Real relationship?”

Mike nodded.

“No, it’s not Mike, but... I need you *now*, Mike. Anything you want

to do. Nothing is off the table. Ok. Poop is...”

“Uh, what?”

“Nothing. I’m just saying, your wildest fantasies are yours to have.”

XXXXX

“I swear, I thought your eyes would pop out of your head. You’ve never seen a naked woman before have you?”

“No. I don’t care how old you are. You could be in the centerfold of any of those magazines.”

“I keep in shape, but I know the fascination that guys have with breasts... thanks though...”

“It wasn’t just that. I think the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen,... is a woman taking off her panties... and knowing it was for me.”

“It was for you.”

XXXXX

“Are you sure your name isn’t Maggie May?”

El laughed. "I'm wearing you out am I?"

"I didn't know that women get... um... hornier when they get older."

"You are such a lucky boy."

XXXXX

Weeks later, El lay cuddled up to Mike in bed.. Her breasts pressed up against his chest.

"Ok... I'm going to say something that might... um... make you not want to have sex with me this morning."

"You sound serious."

"You said your dad went to New York?"

"You want to help me find him... if he survived Bamboo?"

"Yes. I uh... love you and I know you need to know."

"Yes, I need to know... and..."

El was silent.

"You ok?"

"I love you too Mike..."

Notes for the Chapter:

Yes. Will be a sequel. Not quite yet, though.